

IMMORTALITY

FOUR SCORE AND SEVEN YEARS AGO OUR FATHERS BROUGHT FORTH ON THIS CONTINENT A NEW NATION CONCEIVED IN LIBERTY AND DEDICATED TO THE PROPOSITION THAT ALL MEN ARE CREATED EQUAL.

NOW WE ARE ENGAGED IN A GREAT CIVIL WAR TESTING WHETHER THAT NATION OR ANY NATION SO CONCEIVED AND SO DEDICATED CAN LONG ENDURE. WE ARE MET ON A GREAT BATTLEFIELD OF THAT WAR. WE HAVE COME TO DEDICATE A PORTION OF THAT FIELD AS A FINAL RESTING PLACE FOR THOSE WHO HERE GAVE THEIR LIVES THAT THAT NATION MIGHT LIVE. IT IS ALTOGETHER FITTING AND PROPER THAT WE SHOULD DO THIS. BUT IN A LARGER SENSE WE CAN NOT DEDICATE—WE CAN NOT CONSECRATE—WE CAN NOT HALLOW THIS GROUND. THE BRAVE MEN LIVING AND DEAD WHO STRUGGLED HERE HAVE CONSECRATED IT FAR ABOVE OUR POOR POWER TO ADD OR DETRACT. THE WORLD WILL LITTLE NOTE NOR LONG REMEMBER WHAT WE SAY HERE BUT IT CAN NEVER FORGET WHAT THEY DID HERE. IT IS FOR US THE LIVING RATHER TO BE DEDICATED HERE TO THE UNFINISHED WORK WHICH THEY WHO FOUGHT HERE HAVE THUS FAR SO NOBLY ADVANCED. IT IS RATHER FOR US TO BE HERE DEDICATED TO THE GREAT TASK REMAINING BEFORE US—THAT FROM THESE HONORED DEAD WE TAKE INCREASED DEVOTION TO THAT CAUSE FOR WHICH THEY GAVE THE LAST FULL MEASURE OF DEVOTION—THAT WE HERE HIGHLY RESOLVE THAT THESE DEAD SHALL NOT HAVE DIED IN VAIN THAT THIS NATION UNDER GOD SHALL HAVE A NEW BIRTH OF FREEDOM—AND THAT GOVERNMENT OF THE PEOPLE BY THE PEOPLE FOR THE PEOPLE SHALL NOT PERISH FROM THE EARTH.

Rough Trail of Pioneers to History

Tom Lincoln was looking for a woman to travel through life with, for better or worse. He visited at the place of Christopher Nash, a hardworking farmer who came from German parents and had raised a family of some with music.

Also there were two daughters with music and with shining faces and



steadily eyes. Tom Lincoln passed by Hannah and gave his best looks to Sarah Nash. But it happened that Sarah Nash wanted Daniel Johnson for a husband and he wanted her.

Another woman Tom's eyes fell on was a brunette schoolgirl called Nancy Hanks because she was a daughter of Lucy Hanks, and sometimes called Nancy Sparrow because she was an adopted daughter of Thomas and Elizabeth Sparrow and lived with the Sparrow family.

Lucy Hanks had welcomed her child Nancy into life in Virginia in 1781 and had traveled the wilderness road carrying what was to her a precious bundle through Cumberland gap into Kentucky.

And with sorrow. Tom Lincoln had seen this particular Nancy Hanks there several other Nancy Hanks in Hamilton county and noticed she was a girl and dark and handsome. . . . Her dark hair, dark brown hair, keen little gray eyes, outstanding forehead, somewhat arched chin and chinless, body of slender build, weighing about 120 pounds—these formed the outward shape of a woman carrying something strange and cherished about her ways of life. She was not with serious but dark eyes in blue hair. . . . The day came when Thomas Lin-

coln signed a bond with his friend, Richard Berry, in the courthouse at Springfield, in Washington county, over near where his brother, Mordecai, was farming and the bond gave notice: "There is a marriage shortly intended between Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks." It was June 10, 1800. Two days later, at Richard Berry's place, Wheeland, a man twenty-eight years old and a woman twenty-three years old came before him, Jesse Head, who later gave the county clerk the names of Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks, as having been "joined together in the holy estate of matrimony agreeable to the rules of the Methodist Episcopal church." . . .

Carried Off His Bride. The new husband put his June bride on his horse and they rode away on the red clay road along the timber trails to Elizabethtown. Their new home was in a cabin close to the court-house. Tom worked at the carpenter's trade, made cabinets, door frames, window sash and coffins. A daughter was born and they named her Sarah. . . .

The same year saw the Lincolns moved to a place on the Big South fork of Nolichucky creek, about two and a half miles from Elizabethtown. They were trying to farm a little piece of ground and make a home. The house they lived in was a cabin of logs cut from the timber near by.

One morning in February of this year, 1800, Tom Lincoln came out of his cabin to the road, stopped a neighbor and asked him to tell "the grumpy woman," Aunt Peggy Walters, that Nancy would need help soon.

Lincoln's Birth. On the morning of February 12, a Sunday, the grumpy woman was there at the cabin. And she and Tom Lincoln and the mother, Nancy Hanks, welcomed into a world of battle and peace, of whispering dreams and wild tales, a new child, a boy.

A little later that morning Tom Lincoln threw some extra wood on the fire, and an extra bearskin over the mother, went out of the cabin, and walked two miles up the road to where the Sparrows, Tom and Betty, lived. Nancy Hanks, the nine-year-old boy adopted by the Sparrows, met Tom at the door.

In his slow way of talking—he was a slow and quiet man—Tom Lincoln told them, "Nancy's got a boy baby." A half-sheepish look was in his eyes, as though maybe more babies were not wanted in Kentucky just then.

The boy, Dennis Hanks, took to his feet down the road to the Lincoln cabin. There he saw Nancy Hanks on a bed of poles elevated to a corner at

the cabin, under a large, warm bear-skin.

She turned her dark head from looking at the baby to look at Dennis and threw him a tired, white smile from her mouth and gray eyes. He stood by the bed, his eyes wide open, watching the even, quiet breaths of this fresh, soft red baby.

"What you going to name him, Nancy?" the boy asked.

"Abraham," was the answer, "after his grandfather."

Little Dennis' Prediction. Little Dennis rolled up in a bear-skin and slept by the fireplace that night. He listened for the crying of the new born child once in the night and the feet of the father moving on the dirt floor to help the mother and the little one. In the morning he took a long look at the baby and said to himself:

"His skin looks just like red cherry pulp squeezed dry, in wrinkles."

And Dennis swung the baby back and forth, keeping up a chatter about how tickled he was to have a new cousin to play with. The baby screamed up the muscles of its face and began crying with no let-up.

Dennis turned to Betty Sparrow, handed her the baby and said to her, "Aunt, take him! He'll never come to much."

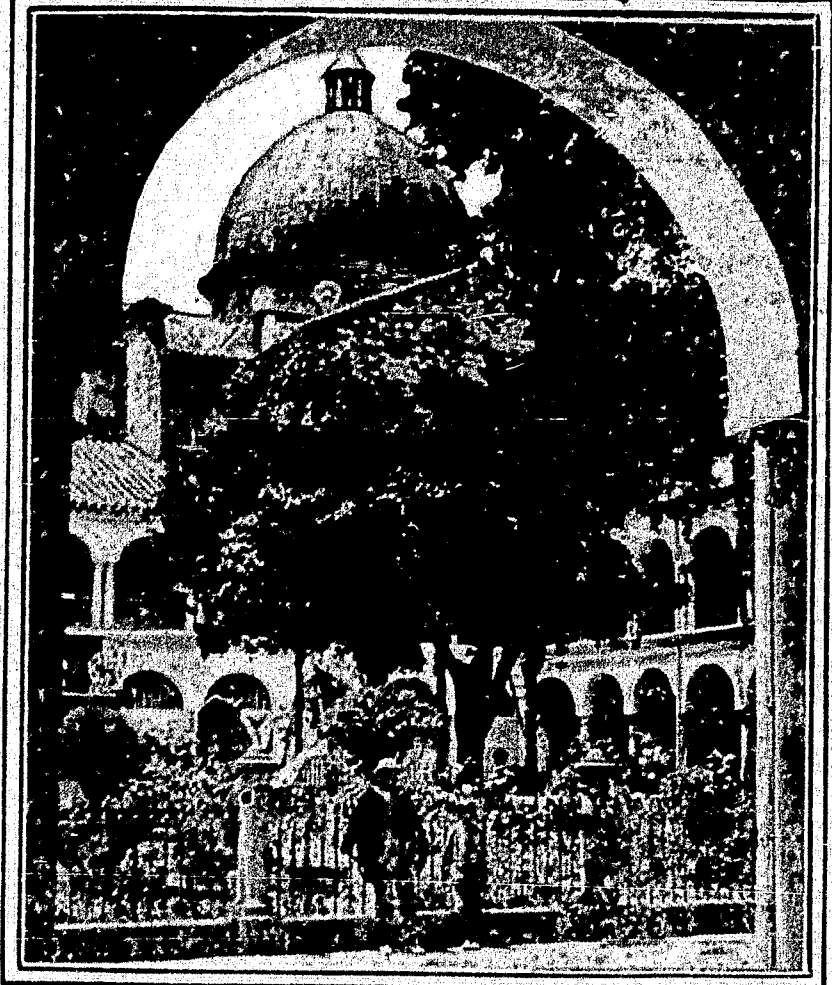
So came the birth of Abraham Lincoln that twelfth day of February in the year 1800—in silence and pain from a wilderness mother on a bed of corn husks and bear-skins—with an



early laughing child prophesy he would never come to much.

And though he was born in a house with only one door and one window, it was written he would come to know many doors, many windows; he would read many riddles and doors and windows. . . . From "Abraham Lincoln, the Prairie Years" by Carl Sandburg.

Colombia's Capital



A Courtyard in Bogotá.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

OGOTTA, capital and metropolis of Colombia, has an individuality in its atmosphere that the visitor at once notices.

The general character of the buildings, the presence of an open square or plaza in the center of the city without which no Latin American settlement is complete; these and other features are strongly reminiscent of regions north of the Isthmus. But there is a feeling of isolation about the place which is new to the traveler.

Perhaps it lies partly in the memory of the 12 days' journey up the Magdalena river from the Caribbean coast.

Discounting as best one can this factor, he still feels as he gazes past substantial houses of brick and plaster to the distant crests of the Sumapaz mountains, as he breathes deeply of the cold, rare atmosphere of these Andean heights, and as he wanders through side streets, strangely silent save for the patter of bare feet upon the naked cobblestones—he still feels, and with a conviction that increases rather than diminishes as the days pass by, that he has left behind, far down beyond the Magdalena, those things with which he is familiar and has launched upon a journey through a new world.

The almost total absence of Indians, so characteristic of Mexico and Guatemala, stands out prominently. The people appear to be of two classes; well-dressed men and women of pure Spanish stock, and the somewhat ragged, poor element—the laboring class—whose faces give evidence that the Indian race, though vanished in its purity, still lingers in the blood of these sturdy folk of the plateau.

As the visitor comes into more intimate contact with the life of Bogotá, of its many distinguishing features, none is more attractive than the elegance of its Spanish life. If his own vernacular has been picked up in travels through Central and South America, he feels it so glaringly out of place that he scarcely dares to speak.

Their Spanish is Pure.

It is said that the Spanish of present-day Bogotá is unusually pure because it has been free from the contaminating influence of other tongues. Chibcha, the language of the aboriginal inhabitants of the plateau, scarcely survived the conquest. It is true, therefore, that there has been less opportunity to incorporate native terms, or to acquire a native accent, than has been the case in Mexico with its huge element of Nahuatl-speaking aborigines, or in Peru, where the language of the Incas is still spoken by several hundred thousand people.

Freedom from contamination may account for the purity of Bogotá Spanish, but it cannot account for its elegance. Only a people of real intelligence and of leisure to cultivate the finer things of life could have made universal, as it is today in Bogotá, the use of language which for grammatical purity and rhetorical finish is unequaled in America. Added to this polish is a quixotic love of flowery speech, which is to the outsider one of the most delightful traits of the Bogotanos.

There are probably few places in the world where more attention is given to dress than in this remote Andean city. Even the humblest citizen possesses a cutaway coat and silk hat. With many these are reserved to be worn only upon great occasions. But those who can afford it don this garb regularly in the afternoon, changing into dress at sundown. The use of the walking stick is universal. Queer flocks in the market.

A visit to Bogotá's market place convinces one that he has left behind the beans-corn-and-squash complex

of Central America and has entered into a new region, the Andean zone, in which the potato replaces Indian corn to a large extent, while other root crops—cubios, libinas, arracachas and chuganos—play important roles. With the exception of the potato, these products are not often seen on the tables of the well-to-do; they are staples among the lower classes, but are relegated to the back-ground by those who can afford to do so.

The arracacha is the most likely to please the palate of a Northerner. It suggests the parsnip in character, but is of better flavor and texture than that somewhat unappreciated vegetable. In the homes of the humbler folk—and sometimes, also, on the best tables in Bogotá, for this vegetable enjoys wide popularity—small chunks of arracacha root are often found in the savory sancocho, a sort of South American Irish stew.

The libina is a slender, pinkish-white, tuber, which yields, when stewed with sugar, a product strikingly like green apple sauce. The cubio, a white tuber about the size and shape of a small sweet potato, and the chugano are of a mucilaginous consistency and insipid flavor not likely to please the novice.

The market strikes one as one of the most complete in all tropical America. It occupies an entire city square of large size and is divided into a number of sections, each devoted to some particular product or group of products. Here is a long row of stalls, all handling nothing but root crops and grains; there another row, where fruits only are sold, and close beside it the vegetable section. Elsewhere are baskets and native articles of bamboo, as well as ropes, other sundries, pack saddles, and the like; and finally, along the northern edge of the enclosure, a row of tiny shops, handling more dignified than the others, wherein the countryman can purchase a new runa before returning home.

The Runa is Their Poncho.

The runa is the Colombian equivalent of the poncho, so widely used elsewhere in Latin America. It is somewhat less ample than the latter, measuring usually four to five feet in diameter. It is square and made of two strips of native woven cloth sewed together so as to leave a slit in the center through which the head of the wearer can be thrust.

It is not an elaborate, nor yet an elegant, garment; but there are few things more expressive of unaffected grace than the manner in which a country gentleman of the Colombian Andes dons his runa when mounting for his morning ride about the hacienda. With one hand he gathers up the folds and opens the slit in the center; then, with a deft stroke he throws it over his head, allowing the folds to fall upon his back and shoulders. If the weather is fair, he turns up the two corners in front and drops them one over each shoulder.

In many inland cities of Latin America the departure of the daily mail weekly, or perhaps weekly train for the coast is an event of social importance. In few of them, however, does it assume the international aspect which attaches to the departure of the train for Girardot. Bogotá is a large city, by Latin American standards, and the people do not have overly much to amuse them. Furthermore, travel from this remote Andean capital to the Caribbean coast is not really heavy.

For all these reasons, the Bogotanos rarely fail to take full advantage of the departure of a train for Europe or the United States. They come down to the train an hour before it is scheduled to leave—seven o'clock in the morning; there are flowers and serenades to be presented; and good-bys are said and round many times before the train finally pulls out.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY

A cordial invitation is extended to strangers who belong to any of these organizations to visit meetings when in town.

BETHEL LODGE, No. 97, F. & A. M., meets in Masonic Hall the second Thursday evening of every month. John Harrington, W. M.; Fred B. Merrill, Secretary.

PURITY CHAPTER, No. 102, O. E. S., meets in Masonic Hall the first Wednesday evening of each month. Mrs. Gertrude Boyker, W. M.; Mrs. Emily Forbes, Secretary.

MT. ABRAM LODGE, No. 31, I. O. O. F., meets in their hall every Friday evening. C. O. Demerit, N. G.; D. M. Forbes, Secretary.

SUNSET REBEKAH LODGE, No. 64, I. O. O. F., meets in Odd Fellows' Hall the first and third Monday evenings of each month. Olive Austin, N. G.; Mrs. Emily Forbes, Secretary.

SUDBURY LODGE, No. 22, K. of P., meets in Grange Hall the first and third Tuesdays of each month. Leroy Andrews, C. C.; Kenneth McNelis, K. of R. and S.

NACCOMI TEMPLE, No. 68, PYTHIAN SISTERS, meets the second and fourth Monday evenings of each month at Grange Hall. Mrs. Jennie Mitchell, M. E. C.; Mrs. Constance Wheeler, M. of R. and C.

BROWN POST, No. 34, O. A. R., meets at Odd Fellows' Hall the second and fourth Thursdays of each month. A. M. Bean, Commander; J. A. Brown, Adjutant; L. N. Bartlett, Q. M.

BROWN, W. R. C., No. 36, meets in Odd Fellows' Hall the second and fourth Thursdays evenings of each month. Mrs. Lottie Inman, President; Mrs. Lillie Durbank, Secretary.

GEORGE A. MUNDY POST, No. 51, AMERICAN LEGION, meets the second and fourth Tuesday of each month in its rooms. J. M. Harrington, Commanding; Charles Tuell, Adjutant.

COL. C. S. EDWARDS CAMP, No. 72, S. O. F., meets first Tuesday of each month in the Legion rooms. L. A. Sumner, Commanding; Carl L. Brown, Secretary.

BETHEL GRANGE, No. 56, P. of H., meets in their hall the first and third Thursday evenings of each month. L. W. Morse, M.; Eva W. Hastings, Secretary.

Parent-Teachers' Association, Meeting 2nd Monday of each month at Grammar School during school year. Pres., F. E. Russell; Secretary, Mrs. R. R. Tibbets.

BUSINESS CARDS

FURNISHED ROOMS
AUTO AND TEAM CONVEYANCE
C. C. BRYANT
2 Mechanic Street Bethel, Maine
Telephone Connection

S. S. GREENLEAF
FUNERAL DIRECTOR & EMBALMER
AUTO HEARSE
AMBULANCE
SHEPHERD MOVING THE
Day and Night Service
BETHEL, MAINE
Phone 112

H. E. LITTLEFIELD
AUTO AND HORSE LIVERY
Day and Night Service
Bethel Maine
Telephone

E. E. WHITNEY & CO.
BETHEL, MAINE
Marble and Granite Workers
Charles DeLong
First Class Workmanship
Letters of Inquiry promptly answered
See Our Work — Get Our Prices
E. E. WHITNEY & CO.
Satisfaction Guaranteed

William L. Frothingham
REAL ESTATE DEALER
South Paris, Maine
Open for enlistment of all kinds of property
Farm Property a Specialty
Prospective buyers will do well to get in touch with this Agency

24 HOUR SALESMEN

YOUR best salesman cannot work more than 12 hours a day.

An advertisement in your goods in this paper works while you sleep and wakes—24 hours a day.

It works in many homes holds at the same time.

It talks better than the most fluent . . . a real salesman.

No one claims the day in its face.

RESULT: It sells goods.

About the cost? Far less than the . . . and does lots more work.

Prepared by W. M. C.

Apparel

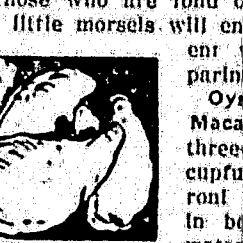


Discussing Children's

(Prepared by the Bureau of Extension work for demonstrations in advancement group are invited to the nearest shopping center of clothing and other taken by the United States garments necessary for stration agent is discuss

Se

Those who are fond of der little morsels will on



Nut and Cheese Roast

er of macaroni into a baking dish, cover with oysters, dredge with flour per and dot with two tbs of butter. Repeat and fill with buttered crumbs. A cupful of cream or milk turns lacks moisture. Bake in a hot oven or long cook the oysters without them.

Baked Haddock With Onions—Remove the skin, head from a four-pound haddock and keep the fillets in shape with salt and brush with oil. Lay a fillet in a dripping

ion in one tablespoonful of the onion is soft and delectable. Add a little hot water to keep from browning. A full of grated cheese, onion walnut meats chopped, bread crumbs, the juice lemon and salt and pepper. Add the onion, butter, and a shallow dish and bake in a hot oven for 15 minutes. Serve with a white sauce.

An Upside Pineapple C

An Unusual Confection Also a Delicious D

(Prepared by the United States Bureau of Extension work for demonstrations in advancement group are invited to the nearest shopping center of clothing and other taken by the United States garments necessary for stration agent is discuss

If your family wants also a delicious dessert "upside down" pineapple may be served with whipped cream or hard sauce. Two parts are prepared separately put together in the order by the United States Bureau of Agriculture.

Pineapple Mixture
2 cups sugar 1 tbs butter
1 tablespoon butter 1 slice pineapple
1 slice pineapple 1 slice pineapple

Sift the sugar until it is smooth trying pan, then add brown. Add the butter and apple juice and cook until thick syrup is formed. Place slices of pineapple in the cook for one or two minutes they are light brown, turn occasionally. Have ready drained, heavy baking pan. Bake in this for 10 minutes. Allow this to cool so it will semi-solid surface, then pour following cake batter:

Cake Batter
4 cups butter 4 eggs
4 cups sugar 1 tbs vanilla
1 egg 1 tbs vanilla
4 cups milk 1 tbs vanilla
1 1/2 cups soft wheat 1 tbs vanilla

Cream the butter, add the well-beaten eggs, and stir the dry ingredients together and add alternately with the butter, sugar and eggs. Pour this over the pineapple batter is rather thick and it is smoothed on with a

Apparel for the Children



Discussing Children's Clothing at a Home Demonstration Meeting in a Department Store.

(Prepared by the Bureau of Home Economics, United States Department of Agriculture.) Extension work for farm women in Illinois has included a number of demonstrations in advantageous buying. The members of a home demonstration group are invited to meet the agent in one of the department stores in the nearest shopping center and are given talks on selecting various kinds of clothing and other commodities. The women in the picture, which was taken by the United States Department of Agriculture, are looking at the garments necessary for infants and small children which the home demonstration agent is discussing.

Seasonable Recipes

By NELLIE MAXWELL

Those who are fond of these tender little morsels will enjoy a different way of preparing them.

Oysters With Macaroni.—Cook three-fourths of a cupful of macaroni until tender in boiling salted water. Put a layer of macaroni into a well-buttered baking dish, cover with a pint of oysters, dredge with flour, salt, pepper and dot with two tablespoonfuls of butter. Repeat and finish the top with buttered crumbs. Add one-half cupful of cream or milk if the mixture lacks moisture. Bake twenty minutes in a hot oven or long enough to cook the oysters without toughening them.

Nut and Cheese Roast.—Cook two tablespoonfuls of finely minced onion in one tablespoonful of butter until the onion is soft and delicately colored. Add a little hot water if needed to keep from browning. Mix one cupful of grated cheese, one cupful of walnut meats chopped, one cupful of bread crumbs, the juice of half a lemon and salt and pepper to taste. Add the onion, butter, and pour into a shallow dish and bake until brown. Serve with a white sauce.

Baked Haddock With Oyster Stuffing.—Remove the skin, head and tail from a four-pound haddock. Bone and keep the fillets in shape. Sprinkle with salt and brush with lemon juice. Lay a fillet in a dripping pan, cover

with oysters, dipped in seasoned cracker crumbs, cover with another fillet, brush with egg, then cover with buttered crumbs and bake fifty minutes or until well cooked. Serve with Hollandaise sauce. Any meaty fish may be used in place of the haddock.

Canadian Meat Pie.—Remove the meat from a knuckle of veal, put the bones into a kettle, cover with cold water and add two slices of onion, one slice of carrot and twelve peppercorns. Bring to the boiling point, add the meat and simmer until tender. Remove the meat, stir the stock to two cupfuls. Put a slice of ham in a frying pan, cover with lukewarm water and let stand an hour. Brown four tablespoonfuls of butter with four tablespoonfuls of flour, add the stock, then the veal and ham cut into cubes and simmer twenty minutes. Cover with pastry and bake.

So often when serving cocoa as a drink there will be a cupful or more left over. Set it away and the following day prepare a cornstarch pudding, using the cocoa in place of the milk for a blanc mange. Cook as usual and set away to cool. Serve with sugar and cream.

Cocoa Sauce.—Take five and one-half tablespoonfuls of cocoa, one cupful of sugar, one and three-fourths cupfuls of cornstarch, one-half

cupful of cold water and a pinch of salt. Cook in a double boiler, adding one and one-half cupfuls of boiling water, stir constantly until the mixture thickens. Then cook over the hot water for half an hour. Add one-half teaspoonful of vanilla when the mixture is cool.

Cocoa Bread Pudding.—Soak two cupfuls of breadcrumbs in four cupfuls of scalded milk for one-half hour. Mix one-fourth of a cupful of cocoa with a little cold water to make a paste, then add to the mixture. Heat together one-fourth of a teaspoonful of salt, two-thirds cupful of sugar, two eggs and one-half teaspoonful of vanilla. Add to the pudding mixture, pour into a buttered pan and bake in a pan of hot water. Serve with a hard sauce.

Marshmallow Frappe With Cocoa.—Scald three cupfuls of milk and stir into it one-eighth teaspoonful of salt, two and one-half tablespoonfuls of cocoa, one-half cupful of sugar, let the mixture boil up, then add one-half cupful of marshmallow cream or its equivalent of dried marshmallows. Chill, add one-half teaspoonful of vanilla and freeze, packed in ice and salt. This amount will serve six persons.

(© 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

STORY FOR KIDDIES

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

THE YOUNG OAK

"We belong to the White Oak family," said Mother Oak, "and we also belong to the great and mighty Oak family."

Now Mother Oak really could be called a mother oak, for she had given the little Oaks shade on the very hot days before they had grown enough to be able to stand the heat themselves.

At least they imagined that it helped them a great deal, although the help was most imagination with them.

They loved being near Mother Oak, though, and watching the things she did.

They would copy her and do just as little Oaks should do. It was such a fine example.

"What do you mean, Mother Oak, when you say we belong to the White Oak family and also to the great and mighty Oak family? Aren't the White Oaks great and mighty?"

"To be sure," said Mother Oak, "but I meant the great family of Oaks is so enormous. We're just a part of it. 'Suppose,' continued Mother Oak, 'every one had the same name. Wouldn't it be confusing?'"

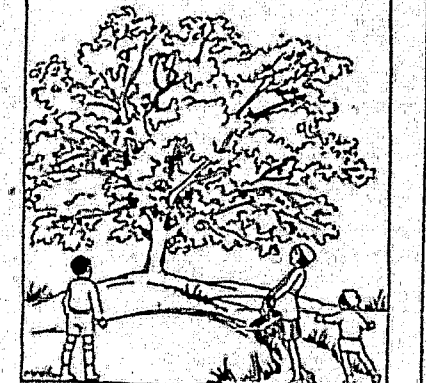
"But trees, all of which are alike, should have the same name because

that makes it easier for those who want to find out about them.

"Now we belong to the White Oak family. Suppose each of us had a different name; how hard it would be for those who wanted to know the different kinds of Oaks."

"Suppose you were Susy Tree," she said, waving a branch at one nearby young Oak and suppose the tree next to you was called Sammy Tree. It would be extremely hard for people.

"So we are all called the White Oaks and that is what I meant when



People Who Care for Trees.

I said we belonged to the White Oak family.

"We are very much alike. We have sturdy trunks and arms."

"We have such good roots that we can stand storms."

"We are very popular with the men who gather lumber and the people who care for trees."

"And we live to a great age. Oh, we become so old!"

"Then we've a long time to live, Mother Oak?" asked the little Oaks.

"You may live to be more than two hundred years old," said Mother Oak.

"Yes, you will probably live to be far older than that."

"How wonderful!" the young Oaks rustled.

"And then I told you," continued Mother Oak, "that we belonged to a very great and mighty family of Oaks."

"By that I meant that there are many different kinds of Oaks like us in many ways and again unlike us in a good many ways."

"They say that there are three hundred different kinds of Oak trees!"

"O dear, what lots of Oaks!" said one of the young Oaks. "How thrilling to belong to such a very big family. I know what it's like, Mother Oak."

"What?" asked Mother Oak.

"It's just as though we were all people of one country and there were three hundred different families of us, one named the Brown family, one the White family, one the Black family, and so on," the young Oak added, for he couldn't think of any more names to give people.

"Instead of being people of one country we're trees of one general name—the Oak family. And we are the White Oak branch of the family—that's our special family name."

"Right, right," said Mother Oak, waving delightedly. "And you speak

the truth when you refer to us as a branch of a family, for that's a very sensible way to speak of a tree!"

The young Oak was much pleased that he had been right in what he had said.

"And we are going to have our own cups, too, when we're the right age, the wonderful acorn cups of the Oak trees?"

And Mother Oak nodded to let the young Oak know he was right once more!

(© 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

RECIPE FOR BANANA PUDDING

One of the easiest and nicest desserts you can make is banana pudding, for which the United States Department of Agriculture supplies a recipe.

Banana Pudding.

1 quart milk
4 or 5 eggs
½ cup sugar
½ teaspoon salt

1 teaspoon vanilla
Bananas
Sweet crackers or cookies

Heat the milk, sugar and salt in a double boiler. Beat the egg yolks lightly and pour slowly into them some of the heated milk. Pour back into the double boiler and stir constantly until the custard coats the spoon. Remove at once from the fire, place the pan in a bowl of cold water, and stir the custard until cool. Add the vanilla.

Grease a baking dish, put in the bottom of the dish a layer of sweet crackers, and slice over them a layer of bananas. Pour over this some of the custard and fill the dish about three-quarters full with these layers. Make a meringue of the whites of the eggs and one tablespoonful of sugar to each egg. Spread over the pudding and cook in a slow oven until golden brown. Then let the pudding stand until thoroughly chilled before serving.

HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS

Babies should have sun baths even in winter.

A spoonful of grated cheese improves milk or vegetable soups.

When you think you are too old for colors that's the best time to wear them.

Call no pumpkin pie perfect until you have tried it spread with plum jam and whipped cream.

Try beating the meringue into the custard of your next lemon pie before browning it. The difference is all to the good.

Fudge and similar candies will keep creamy for more than a week if they are made with a little corn syrup added to the sugar.

Try a cold lunch at home some hitting cold day and you'll be more interested in serving hot food at the school to go with the sandwiches the youngsters take in their lunch boxes.

Write for 24 page
FREE BOOK

showing floors in colors; how to modernize your home at little expense by laying permanent and beautiful

OAK FLOORS

over old worn floors. Address: Write for free book or remodel, don't fail to write for free OAK FLOORING BUREAU 1293 Builders Building CHICAGO

Sure Relief

No More Distress
after eating or drinking

For correcting over-acidity and quickly relieving belching, gas, heartburn, sick headache, dizziness, nausea and other digestive disorders. Not a laxative but a tested Sure Relief for indigestion. Perfectly harmless and pleasant to take. Send for free samples to Bell & Co., Inc., Orangeburg, N.Y.

Normalizes Digestion and Sweetens the Breath

BELLANS
6 BELLANS
Hot Water
Sure Relief

BELLANS
FOR INDIGESTION
25¢ AND 75¢ PACKAGES EVERYWHERE

Responsibility prevents crime.—Burke.

Sometimes a little white lie does a lot of good.

The BABY



Why do so many, many babies of today escape all the little fretful spells and infantile ailments that used to worry mothers through the day, and keep them up half the night?

If you don't know the answer, you haven't discovered pure, harmless Castoria. It is sweet to the taste, and sweet in the little stomach. And its gentle influence seems felt all through the tiny system. Not even a distasteful dose of castor oil does so much good.

Fletcher's Castoria is purely vegetable, so you may give it freely, at first, as for colic or constipation; or diarrhea. Or those many times when you just don't know what is the matter. For real sickness, call the doctor, always. At other times, a few drops of Fletcher's Castoria.

The doctor often tells you to do just that; and always says Fletcher's. Other preparations may be just as pure, just as free from dangerous drugs, but why experiment? Besides, the book on care and feeding of babies that comes with Fletcher's Castoria is worth its weight in gold!

Children Cry for

Fletcher's CASTORIA

Light COLD

PREVENT GRIPPE AND FLU

Be Sure It's **WILL'S** Price 30c

CASCARA & QUININE

Get Red Box **WILL'S** with portrait

HEADACHE

RELIEVED

CARTER'S LITTLE PINK PILLS

CARTER'S LITTLE PINK PILLS

Bridal Gown Important

By JULIA BOTTOMLEY

NOW that wedding bells are pealing a merry midwinter tune, the bridal gown becomes a subject of importance. Like everything else in this day and age, the wedding gown is changing. Whereas, once it was inevitably stately and conventional, it now fairly radiates the spirit of youth in that skirts are short and bouffant, bodices are sometimes sleeveless and even the "deadly white" of yore olden times is giving way to delicate elusive tints.

Just as likely as not the pretty St. Valentine's bride this year will choose, and the mode encourages her in so doing, for her wedding robe a gorgeous frock of palest pink or possibly it will be lace over silver cloth—thus is convention and monotony a thing of the past.

Which all leads to the fact that wedding gowns are about as enchanting visions of loveliness as one may hope to see. Picture, if you will, semi-fitted bodices, most of them with low necks, often short sleeved or sleeveless, and flounced, some of them truthfully with tails, others with lace.

Yes, the trend of the 1923 wedding gown is decidedly toward the ingenious type and that is why the skirt of the bridal dress in this picture is so youthfully short and full, with a hemline of tulle to add yet another fascination. That is why, also, the bodice is semi-fitted, and why the waistline is normal—all details which define youthfulness. Then, too, this young bride's love of furberlove is expressed in the draping of her veil, drawn as it is so prettily over her "bob" like a sugary-tipping cap.

An adorable wedding gown worn recently by a society bride was a departure from the conventional in that it was fashioned entirely of white



chiffon, the skirt fluttering an extremely full uneven hemline, extremely short about the knees, dipping gracefully to full length at the back.

Tiny pearls traced row after row of scallops to a considerable depth about the hemline.

(© 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

An Upside Down Pineapple Cake

An Unusual Confection and Also a Delicious Dessert.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

If your family wants an unusual and also a delicious dessert try an "upside down" pineapple cake. It may be served with or without whipped cream or lard sauce. The two parts are prepared separately and then put together in the way described by the United States Department of Agriculture.

Pineapple Mixture.

½ cup sugar
1 tablespoon
1 tablespoon butter
1 pineapple juice
1 slice pineapple

Stir the sugar until it is melted in a smooth frying pan, then allow it to brown. Add the butter and the pineapple juice and cook until a fairly thick sirup is formed. Place the sections of pineapple in the sirup and cook for one or two minutes or until they are light brown, turning them occasionally. Have ready a well greased, heavy baking pan or glass baking dish, place the pineapple on the bottom, and pour the sirup over it. Allow this to cool so it will form a semi-solid surface, then pour in the following cake batter:

Cake Batter.

½ cup butter
½ cup sugar
1 egg
½ cup milk
1½ cups soft wheat

1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla

Cream the butter, add the sugar, and the well-beaten egg and vanilla. Stir the dry ingredients together twice and add alternately with the milk in the butter, sugar and egg mixture. Pour this over the pineapple. The batter is rather thick and may need to be smoothed on with a knife.

DEFINITION AND STANDARD FOR MAYONNAISE DRESSING

The food standards committee has proposed a definition and standard for mayonnaise, mayonnaise dressing, mayonnaise salad dressing, according to W. S. Friable, chairman of the committee. Criticisms and suggestions regarding the proposed definition and standard are invited from food officials, consumers, the trade, and all interested parties. Communications should be addressed to A. S. Mitchell, secretary of the food standards committee, food, drug and insecticide administration, United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., and should reach him not later than February 15, 1923.

The proposed definition and standard for mayonnaise, mayonnaise dressing, mayonnaise salad dressing, are as follows:

Mayonnaise, mayonnaise dressing, mayonnaise salad dressing, is the clean, sound, emulsified product composed of edible vegetable oil, egg yolk or whole egg, vinegar or lemon juice, with or without one or more of the following: Salt, other condiments, sugar, edible stabilizing material. Its preparation are used not less than 90 per cent of vegetable oil, and not less than 6 per cent of fresh egg yolk free from white, or the equivalent thereof in egg yolk solids contained in commercial egg yolks, dried egg, dried egg yolks, or whole egg. In the finished product the sum of the percentages of vegetable oil and fresh egg yolk free from white is not less than 75; and the quantity of any stabilizing material used does not exceed 0.5 per cent.

© 1923, Western Newspaper Union.

Watch This Space
Special Bargains Every Week

THIS WEEK

CLEARANCE SALE

of
Ladies' Silk Hosiery and Underwear

at
Rowe's

Radiola 16

A fine radio for farmers
—battery operated.

SET AND TUBES, \$82.75

CROCKETT'S GARAGE

BETHEL, MAINE

Radiola 20—dry battery operated, \$89.50.

FASHIONABLE

Foundation Garments

BON TON, ROYAL WORCESTER
and FLEURETTE

Corsets and Brassiere Cor-set

L. M. STEARNS

Have You Seen The

New FORD Car

?

Let us demonstrate this wonderful car to you.

HERRICK BROS. CO.

BETHEL, MAINE

Special For This Week

Round, Rump or Sirloin

Steak

40c lb.

MORSE GROCERY

SOUTH ALBANY

N. M. Scribner was taken very sick with convulsions on Sunday. Dr. Twaddle was called to attend him.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Brown from Auburn came Sunday to Fred Scribner's, called by the illness of her father.

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Kimball were home over the week end.

Rev. W. I. Bull called at James Kimball's Thursday afternoon.

All were glad to welcome Rev. Hilda Ives back to Albany for services Sunday. Her very interesting and helpful sermon was enjoyed by all.

Hugh Little was a business visitor in Bethel one day last week.

Lilla Stearns is keeping house for Howard Allen during Mrs. Allen's absence.

Roy Wardwell was at the Town house Monday.

Frank Damon has returned to Mrs. C. M. Fullerton's.

Leo Lord has been working for Durbin in the mill.

They tell us that "Candlemas fair and bright, Winter'll take another flight."

Saturday evening Mrs. Ives was present for the Christmas tree and supper which children and all have looked forward to for some time. A very social and happy time it was. Rev. Mr. Bull led the singing of the beautiful Christmas hymns. The tree was laden with gifts for all the children. Mrs. Ives gave a very interesting talk. All joined in calling it a very happy evening. May we all meet again next year.

NORTH WATERFORD

There will be a Poverty Ball at the Odd Fellows Hall, Saturday, Feb. 11, Burton's orchestra.

The pool mill is closed at present because of no orders.

Mrs. Annie Hazelton went to Lewiston Saturday.

Mrs. Myra Cheever, who has been ill is much improved.

Mr. and Mrs. James Kitteridge are joining over the birth of a boy, born Sunday, Feb. 5.

Mrs. Ezra Lebrake is ill at her home here.

Mrs. Fred Black is not so well.

Willard Burton is ill with the prevalent distemper.

Mr. and Mrs. Winfield Brown and Mr. and Mrs. Herbert H. Bean attended the automobile show at Portland Saturday.

The United Parish will present a moving picture at Odd Fellows Hall, Tuesday evening, "The Ancient High Seas," by cinema of the sea. There will be a comedy play.

The O. U. M. is holding a new and pump for their carnival, Feb. 25. The carnival is being organized and has many promises of being a fine success, entitled "Mid-Order, Bitter."

Rev. W. I. Bull has gone to Bangor to attend the Convocation Exercises of the Bangor Theological Seminary.

HANOVER

A. R. Saunders was a week end guest of his sister, Mrs. J. D. Kimball, at South Poland.

Oscar Dyke attended the Automobile show at Portland last week.

Sunday School met at the home of Mrs. L. T. Dickson, Feb. 3th. Rev. Mr. Hough and the Misses Elliott were up from Ramford Point.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Wright were at Bethel one day recently.

Several from this village attended the Whist Party at Ramford Point, Feb. 3. There were eleven tables. All report a good time.

Mishawaka Temple held its regular meeting Friday, with sixteen members out. The committee, Addie Samuels, Marjorie Cummings, and Rena Abbott, had a short program, after which refreshments of saltines, cookies, cake and sherbet were served.

ANDOVER

The new books at the Public Library are:

W. C. Thayer's "Lindbergh."

Book in the Desert, T. E. Lawrence.

The Aristocratic Miss Brewster.

Joseph Lincoln.

Sweet and Sour, Warwick Hooping.

John's Niece, Grace L. Lutz.

Tomorrow's Tangle, Pedlar.

Charming Game Through, Seltzer.

The Young People of the Village Improvement Society will give a Minstrel Play in the town hall Wednesday evening, February 13, followed by dancing. Pupils in the village schools, grades 3 and 4, getting 100 per cent in spelling for the week ending Feb. 5, are: Dorothy Campbell, Albert Gunn, Meredith Remington, Sylvia Pook, Floyd Emerson, Marjorie Campbell.

Three in the Grammar school, grade 5, getting 100 per cent in spelling: Anna Thurston, Robert Thurston, Harold Holman, George Marston, Gertrude Emerson, Ruth Daman, Mervin Pratt, Laura Newton, teacher.

Mrs. Herschel Small has been ill with colic since the past week.

WEST BETHEL

Miss Geraldine Bennett of South Paris visited at Percy Murch's over the week end.

Mrs. Hollis Hutchinson is visiting her parents at Livermore.

Mr. and Mrs. Hayes and children of Shelburne visited at Albert Bennett's Sunday.

Nahum Scribner, who is with his son, Fred Scribner of Albany, is ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Linn and son of West Paris were at Edgar Linn's Sunday.

Mrs. E. H. Jordan was in Norway recently.

Fletcher I. Bean attended Pomona grange at Bryant Pond, Tuesday.

Mrs. Addie Mason was in South Paris last week visiting friends.

Raymond Bennett was in Norway Sunday.

SONGO POND

Mrs. Carlton Saunders and five children of West Bethel spent the week end at their old home at Roscoe Emery's.

Mrs. E. D. Donahue and baby were Saturday night guests at Abel Andrews' at Hunt's Corner.

A few of the neighbors from here took advantage of the warm weather and good roads Saturday to attend the Xmas tree that Mrs. Hilda Ives of Portland prepared for them in the church at Hunt's Corner. A good supper was prepared by the ladies and a good time was reported by all.

Edwin Morrill of West Bethel and Walter Linn of West Paris were in Albany Sunday.

Fred Littlefield called at Abner Kimball's Sunday.

Leslie Kimball, and son Ralph were callers at W. I. Beckler's Monday evening.

Mrs. Iva Keniston visited with her friend, Mrs. Florence Lapham, Sunday.

Miss Merle Kimball was a week end guest at her uncle's, A. B. Kimball's.

Abner Kimball and sons are hauling pulp to the break at the foot of Mill hill.

Ralph Kimball, Warren and Stanley Lapham spent Saturday evening with their friend, Bertie Connor.

Mrs. Charles Gorman was a caller at W. I. Beckler's Sunday.

The schoolmen are at the Town Hall this week making out the town reports.

Carlton Pease and Walter Lapham have returned to their home from Stenham where they have been hauling pulp.

LOCKE'S MILLS

Mr. and Mrs. Frank King were a week end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Smith at South Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Toombs and John visited with Mrs. E. L. Toombs at Auburn the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. King Smith and Sidney attended the auto show in Portland Saturday.

UPTON

Mr. and Mrs. East West are in town for a short stay, while he is looking after his lumber job on Back Street.

Mrs. Mary Van and daughter, Mrs. Addie Colby, entertained the soup club Friday, Feb. 3.

Miss Mildred York spent the week end at Bethel.

Robert York, a student at Gould Academy, spent the week end at A. W. Judd's.

Howard Daughess and Henry Fuller were home over the week end.

Henry Lombard is on the sick list.

The whist party given by the Land Hand Club last week was enjoyed by all. There was a hot pot, while the consolation prize went to Ray Thompson.

The Women's Farm Bureau will hold their next regular meeting at Mrs. L. M. Whitney's on Thursday, Feb. 16. Miss Edie Braden, H. D. A., will be present. The subject is Square Meals for Health. Miss Braden will hold a basketry meeting at Mrs. Elmer Abbott's during the evening of Feb. 15 for the benefit of those who have not finished their baskets and trays.

Mrs. C. H. Henderson has finished work for Mrs. C. A. Judd's and has returned home.

C. H. Henderson has finished work for H. W. Whitney and returned home.

A. W. Judd's has hauled a large supply of wood for the church. It is hoped some others will volunteer to saw and split the wood ready for use.

John Poland was in Lewiston over the week end.

Farah Morgan of Bethel is visiting at Ota Olson's.

Albert Fuller, D. Lee Abbott and L. A. Fuller attended the automobile show in Portland.

Gladie Collins has gone to Westworth Location, N. H., where he will work with his team for J. P. Turner.

T. A. Barker and wife are spending their vacation in Boston and vicinity.

John Zale purchased a truck load of five cattle in town Thursday.



Gift Suggestions for St. Valentine

When you are searching for a St. Valentine's gift for your wife, we suggest that you give careful consideration to electric utensils on display. Articles both useful and beautiful.

J. P. Butts' Hardware Store

The New Season's Smart Dresses Early Spring Styles

Just the thing for in between season time at

The Popular Price, \$9.98

E. P. LYON

FOR COUGHS AND COLDS Try These Standard Remedies

Wampole's Emulsion
Syr. Hypophosphite Comp.
Grey's Glycerine Tonic
Russell's Emulsion
Scott's Emulsion, etc.

We use in our Prescription Department only the purest of Drugs and Chemicals

A Registered Druggist Always in Charge

W. E. BOSSERMAN, Druggist

See The New Chevrolet HERE

Prices Delivered

Touring or Roadster,	\$561 Cabriolet,	\$738
Coach,	\$664 Four Door Landau,	\$746
Coupe,	\$684 Imperial Landau,	\$787

CONNER'S GARAGE
Willard Battery Service
BETHEL, MAINE

Money Saving Sale STILL GOING ON

50c ESSEX TOWELS 22x44 in. 29c	\$4.00 and \$3.50 O. D. SHIRTS Double Elbow—Lined Chest \$2.49
--	--

NAIMEY'S

IDLE ISLAND

CHAPTER IX—Continued

He had brought snowshoes for her, along with an invitation from the Captain and Gram for her to come to the life house until the snow was over. But Gay did not wish to leave. Now that Rand had come, the beauty of the snowstorm was increased a hundredfold. At his urging, however, she went up to put on stout boots and knickers, for a short run through the woods on snowshoes. Rand helped her through the window and slipped the clumsy shoes over her boots showing her how best to piod along in them.

Gay floundered clumsily at first, but finally, with Rand holding her hand, they got off into the woodland. There was no breath of wind. The air was clean, cold but not stagnant. It seemed to her that the snow that touched her lips tasted of salt. Constantly she cried out with delight, at the rustling of the trees, the dropping of the rocks, and on the sea-side, the great waves of ice and snow which glistened and shone like jeweled castles towered and tumbled. Never had she seen the water so dark a blue, so cold.

Tears came to her eyes, tears of wonder at the beauty of the snow-white island, and she stumbled and fell, laughing. Rand helped her up and saw the tears that glistened on her red cheeks.

"You have hurt yourself!"

"No." She put her arms around him, looking anxiously into his eyes, eager that he should understand. "It is because it is so beautiful. Doesn't it make all the little things in the world seem petty, and foolish, and just worth struggling about?"

Rand placed the tears from her cheeks, and she would feel it. It always gives me an idea it must be sort of pleasant to be dead."

"Oh, no. They cannot see it."

"So, but I dare say it feels as good as it looks. Are you happy, Gay?"

"I never knew what a really happy moment was until—just now. I am laughing for joy, I am weeping for joy, I am adoring you for the same reason."

Now and then a small scared rabbit stumbled through the snow-laden brushwood, scurried quickly to cover. A snowbird chirped anxiously on a bare branch. Once in a while, loosened by the wind, a little shower of snow pelted them.

"It's great fun being in love with you, Rand," she said, "it seems to give me a sort of mortgage on all the outside world."

When they had returned again to the window on the valley-side, Rand helped her up and unlashed the snowshoes from her feet.

She put her hands on his shoulders. "Rand, I wish it could go on forever."

"Forever?"

"No. This. Having you like this, loving you like this, being with you like this." She drew him close to her, and held him tightly with her arms. "All of it. I love it. I never knew what it was to be so happy."

Rand kissed her, their cold lips warming to the caress. But his dark eyes were very dark indeed beneath the long lashes, and his smile was a little stern when he said:

"Would it be so dear, I wonder, if it were going to last forever? Or isn't it all the sweeter because it is just for a year?"

Gay held him closer. She did not answer.

"Because you know, beloved," he said, and his smile was ready now, though his eyes were clouded dark, "I am everything in God's world that you thoroughly do not like."

"Yes. And the one thing in it that I love with my whole heart," she whispered.

"Well, I ought to be satisfied with that," he said cheerfully.

"And so ought I," said Gay. But she was not.

CHAPTER X

In the early evening the snow began to fall again heavily, and the white screen fairly bursting with the weight of it. Rand came once more to the window, and swung up sitting on the sill, feet dangling into the snow, as he urged her again to come to the life house until it was over. But Gay married joyously all the little secret intimate joys of her island life. She felt that she would not willingly exchange one month of reason for a whole life for the joy of greeting him like this in the falling snow at her window-sill.

And as they both thought of it at once, they looked at themselves, each observing their attention, and burst into every laughter, for he, in his heavy outdoor garb, sat strutting his feet in the snow, while she beside him, turned with slippers to the warmth of the cheerful room, and great shales fell upon them both alike.

"Oh, never," she cried. "I wouldn't give up a minute like this. It is such fun to feel you so close and unexpected moments."

Rand picked a great shale from her hair, and kissed it as it melted.

"You're such a sticky little devil," he said admiringly. "And for a city girl, too. In the town you braver to throw with things? I don't know a better state of mind and who would stay here alone in a snow storm?"

By
ETHEL HUESTON

Copyright 1921 by The Bobbs-Merrill Co.
WVU Service

"Oh, fools rush in," she quoted lightly. "I crave experience. I have never been snowbound. And it is so sweet having you risk the storming elements to see me."

"Now if we were married," he said, "we could be snowed in together, and the rest of the world snowed out—for all the rest of our lives."

Gay's arm tightened about his shoulder. When she spoke, her voice, although she strove to make it light, was husky. "Not for the rest of our lives. The spring would bring a thaw."

"And we'd fight, wouldn't we? Over who should shovel the snow? I'd say, 'Wife, dear,'—and then, as Gay flushed, he repeated it, teasingly—

"Wife, dear, you believe in work, you adore work, you worship work, therefore you shovel the snow."

Gay's warm lips silenced his mocking. Then she said, "Run along to the feather bed, then sluggard. Sleep, drowsy and be lazy, for tomorrow you shovel my snow."

"But when you are snowbound—lonely, alone—remember what I told you, we might be snowbound together. And then he shot off suddenly into the storm, and Gay closed the window, smiling at it, merely because Rand had not there. For her joy in his presence was an unceasing marvel to her.

All night long the snow fell, and whenever Gay turned and awakened she could hear the breathless hissing of flakes on flakes. And when morning dawned she was snowbound indeed. All her lower windows were blinded with it. Her piazza was solidly banked.

And it was Thanksgiving. They had planned for a party dinner at the Captain's. Alice Andover, Aunt Amy and Gay as guests, and after dinner, Rand and the flouting boys had arranged to take the girls coasting. Now it was Thanksgiving—no dinner, no party, no Rand. It was a disconsolate Gay who wandered moaning around the pretty house, from room to room.

"Thanksgiving, bird! Not a thing in the world to be thankful for—until the snow melts—and Rand comes."

She had no hope of getting out of her prison that day. The entire valley was plunged in snow. The Apple Tree was just a low white roof showing in a high white plain.

It was noon when she heard voices beside the pine tree that stood at her porch. She ran to the window of her bedroom and looked down. Rand and the flouting boys were there. They had ropes, and a short ladder, and a basket. No need of a ladder to reach to the branches of the pine, for its lower branches were bare and Rand pulled himself up easily into the tree, while the boys below raised a long plank, steadied it against the tree, raised and shoved it slowly up to him. And wedging it firmly against the branches, Rand shoved it toward her, slowly, and at the end with a little push that lodged it upon her sill.

"I've come for Thanksgiving dinner," he said pleasantly, as though entering a formal reception room to a formal hostess.

"There's nothing to eat—but canned things."

"So I thought, I brought my own." And then Rand went up on the plank, and slowly, hand over hand, he inched his way out and toward the sill, a distance from the tree but a scant two feet, and Gay's hands caught him when he landed.

Then the boys tossed him the end of a rope, and the heavy basket was raised.

"You needn't come back for me," he called. "I'll slide down into the snow. Won't hurt me. Thanks, boys. So long."

"There's nothing to eat—but canned things."

"So I thought, I brought my own." And then Rand went up on the plank, and slowly, hand over hand, he inched his way out and toward the sill, a distance from the tree but a scant two feet, and Gay's hands caught him when he landed.

Then the boys tossed him the end of a rope, and the heavy basket was raised.

"You needn't come back for me," he called. "I'll slide down into the snow. Won't hurt me. Thanks, boys. So long."

"There's nothing to eat—but canned things."

"So I thought, I brought my own." And then Rand went up on the plank, and slowly, hand over hand, he inched his way out and toward the sill, a distance from the tree but a scant two feet, and Gay's hands caught him when he landed.

Then the boys tossed him the end of a rope, and the heavy basket was raised.

"You needn't come back for me," he called. "I'll slide down into the snow. Won't hurt me. Thanks, boys. So long."

"There's nothing to eat—but canned things."

"So I thought, I brought my own." And then Rand went up on the plank, and slowly, hand over hand, he inched his way out and toward the sill, a distance from the tree but a scant two feet, and Gay's hands caught him when he landed.

Then the boys tossed him the end of a rope, and the heavy basket was raised.

"You needn't come back for me," he called. "I'll slide down into the snow. Won't hurt me. Thanks, boys. So long."

"There's nothing to eat—but canned things."

"So I thought, I brought my own." And then Rand went up on the plank, and slowly, hand over hand, he inched his way out and toward the sill, a distance from the tree but a scant two feet, and Gay's hands caught him when he landed.

Then the boys tossed him the end of a rope, and the heavy basket was raised.

"You needn't come back for me," he called. "I'll slide down into the snow. Won't hurt me. Thanks, boys. So long."

"There's nothing to eat—but canned things."

"So I thought, I brought my own." And then Rand went up on the plank, and slowly, hand over hand, he inched his way out and toward the sill, a distance from the tree but a scant two feet, and Gay's hands caught him when he landed.

Then the boys tossed him the end of a rope, and the heavy basket was raised.

"You needn't come back for me," he called. "I'll slide down into the snow. Won't hurt me. Thanks, boys. So long."

"There's nothing to eat—but canned things."

"So I thought, I brought my own." And then Rand went up on the plank, and slowly, hand over hand, he inched his way out and toward the sill, a distance from the tree but a scant two feet, and Gay's hands caught him when he landed.

"You darling," Gay said. "I had no idea you would come. I said it was a terrible Thanksgiving, and I had nothing in the world to be grateful for, and I said the snow was hideous. Fancy that!"

All her life, Gay looked back to that as a perfect day. They were like two children in their gaiety, in their love. They giggled joyously over unpacking the basket the Captain's wife had filled for them. There was turkey, yes, with dressing, and cranberry sauce, and a little jar of gravy. Pickles, fruit cake, pie.

"It is Thanksgiving," Gay said solemnly. "It is Thanksgiving. You are my Thanksgiving. Rand, I am very grateful to you."

After dinner they pulled up the divan before the fireplace, and sat together, very close, and Rand smoked, while Gay, both arms about him, stroked his hair, ran slender teasing fingers under his collar, touched gently the healing scar on his forehead.

"I never expected to be so much in love," she said happily.

"Don't you ever expect to be more in love than this?"

"No, no. Oh, no. I hope not. I should die of it." Then she added slowly, "Rand, you think I do not really

"You're such a plucky little devil," he said admiringly.

"You're such a plucky little devil," he said admiringly.

"You're such a plucky little devil," he said admiringly.

"You're such a plucky little devil," he said admiringly.

"You're such a plucky little devil," he said admiringly.

"You're such a plucky little devil," he said admiringly.

"You're such a plucky little devil," he said admiringly.

"You're such a plucky little devil," he said admiringly.

"You're such a plucky little devil," he said admiringly.

"You're such a plucky little devil," he said admiringly.

"You're such a plucky little devil," he said admiringly.

"You're such a plucky little devil," he said admiringly.

"You're such a plucky little devil," he said admiringly.

"You're such a plucky little devil," he said admiringly.

"You're such a plucky little devil," he said admiringly.

"You're such a plucky little devil," he said admiringly.

"You're such a plucky little devil," he said admiringly.

"You're such a plucky little devil," he said admiringly.

"You're such a plucky little devil," he said admiringly.

"You're such a plucky little devil," he said admiringly.

"You're such a plucky little devil," he said admiringly.

"You're such a plucky little devil," he said admiringly.

"You're such a plucky little devil," he said admiringly.

"You're such a plucky little devil," he said admiringly.

"You're such a plucky little devil," he said admiringly.

"You're such a plucky little devil," he said admiringly.

"You're such a plucky little devil," he said admiringly.

"You're such a plucky little devil," he said admiringly.

"You're such a plucky little devil," he said admiringly.

"You're such a plucky little devil," he said admiringly.

"You're such a plucky little devil," he said admiringly.

"You're such a plucky little devil," he said admiringly.

"You're such a plucky little devil," he said admiringly.

"You're such a plucky little devil," he said admiringly.

something you don't know. The only way to hold a treasure is by treasuring it. Keeping it. Guarding it. Sacrificing for it. A treasure has to be treasured—or lost—lost, paste, the gold just gilded. An untreasured treasure is worth nothing. You don't realize that."

"Do you, Rand, do you realize it?"

"Too well I do." He laughed. "I realize it well enough—but? What? My birthday for a mess of potatoes? Never."

"Oh, Rand! Am I a mess of potatoes?"

"Yes, you are one of the despoils of Egypt," he said, laughing. "The dearest—the sweetest—the most savory despoil—And I should trudge right off to the desert and wash my hands of you. But I think," and he paused to kiss her, "I think I'll stick around a while."

It was the fifteenth of December, when island, bay and sea were dimly wrapped in the light cold hands of winter, that Aunt Amy climbed the snow-covered slope to Gay's door. She said she had come for a long talk, a once-over afternoon. She still wore her mantle of joyous excitement, of laughter, but beneath it, she was tired, a little old woman of seventy-six years, a heavy weight of time for one so slight.

They had tea, they sewed, they talked. Gay told her many little bits of island gossip which she had from Rand. When the mentioned Alice Andover at last, Aunt Amy sparkled.

"A good woman," she said warmly. "I've never known a better, for all her administering. My dear, can you keep a secret? Yes, I know you can. Dearie, I'm going to have a Christmas party, after all."

And then, flushing with excitement, sparkling youthfully, she told Gay all about it. She could not bear to give it up, she would rather die than give it up, she thought indeed she would die if she must give it up. For she was curiously conscientious.

What was given to her, she accepted cheerfully. But what was denied, she had no right to take. They had put a limit on her, and his limit she was bound in honor to respect. Ah, but there were a thousand devious little ways to circumvent a limit, to stretch it, honorably and fairly.

She was old, her appetite was small, her wants modest, and both appetite and wants could be glided a little. Not that she called it slanting! She called it "handling."

What did she want, at her age, with all those glasses and jars of fine, rich, home-made, jellies and fruits? Why, it was sheer extravagance, wasting such fineness on a little old shriveled woman like Aunt Amy—extravagance, no less. So she had taken it, all her precious store, a little at a time, over to town and sold it. Indeed the shops were very glad to get such quality, and gave her a good price for it, cash.

And she had other things, too, things she never used, things that were just vanity for an old woman to keep in a drawer, and look at sometimes, and fondle lovingly, and show off to admiring visitors. Fine bits of lace, silken scarfs, delicate embroidered old gold and silver gifts that had been brought to her by friends, people who loved her, returning from trips to the city and tours abroad, from the Orient, from Italy, from Paris. Why should she keep those delicate and lovely things just because she loved to look at them? Sheer vanity. And so she sold them, sold them all. No one would ever know, Gay wouldn't tell.

And then she acknowledged her need of Gay. The Apple Tree was so small, so crowded. Gay had offered the use of the Lone Pine for a party. Had she made the offer in good faith? "Because," she said, "there's no room to dance in the Apple Tree."

Oh, yes, they danced at Aunt Amy's party. It began at five o'clock, the party for the sake of the babies, and the smaller children, of whom there seemed to be disproportionate many. So it was a baby's party first, when the tree was lighted, and the children danced about it with their candies and nuts and fruits and gifts, and there was a noisy clamping Santa Claus.

And then, very early, for the snow was always heavy and the night cold, the parents trundled the babies away home to bed, and the others stayed on and danced. "Danced," Aunt Amy said joyously, "until two, three, and last year, until four o'clock in the morning. Think of it, until four—"

"I suppose you went on to bed and couldn't sleep for the noise—"

"I go to bed! Indeed I didn't. I stayed up, and I danced a little myself. I danced with Rand three times. Oh, I had a little cold afterward—not much—I was in bed a while but I never hear the last of that silly little cold. I think last year was the latest party of all—except the very first one—fifty years ago—when Buddy, my son, was born. I told you about that. He would be older than you—fifty years." She smiled at Gay. "Do you know what I think? I think Buddy may be that Unknown Soldier down in Washington. I have thought so from the first. He would be in the war, I know, he was so daring, he loved a fight. Some time—maybe next year—I shall do without this Christmas party, and instead I shall go down to Washington, and stand there. That kind of a boy, heart full of impulse, head full of mischief, head full of nonsense. Fifty years."

Then Gay put away all her work and gave up the rest of the time to getting ready for Christmas.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



"You're such a plucky little devil," he said admiringly.

The Cream of the Tobacco Crop



"Luckies never cut my wind" says Billy Burch, Captain of N. Y. Americans' Hockey Team

"I can't afford to take any chances with my physical condition. That's why I stick to Luckies. In addition to the pleasure I get from their fine flavor, they have never cut my wind to any noticeable degree. Finally, I never suffer with sudden coughing which might be very dangerous for me when there's a scramble on the ice."

Billy Burch

"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation—No Cough.

Enthusiasm can be overdone.

Headaches from Slight Colds

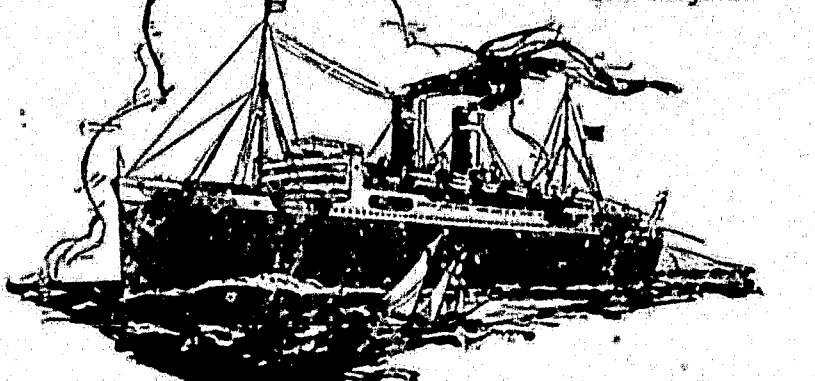
Excessive drinking of coffee, tea, and other stimulants, will aggravate the headache by curbing the cold. Look for signature of E. W. Groves on the box. 38c—Adv.

You can't plan a fight.

Radius Defined

Bill—"On what grounds does your father object to me?" Jimmy—"On the grounds about the house."

Success comes to the man who makes up his mind to do a thing—then does it.



Largest and Finest American Built Steamship Serves

MONARCH COFFEE

This Panama Pacific Liner is the world's largest electrically propelled commercial steamship. Her turbo-electrical driving machinery is the same as in the latest U. S. battleships. Everything about the S. S. California is the finest that can be secured. In keeping with this, it was but natural that her officers should select the world's best coffee—MONARCH. When the California sails from New York for San Diego, Los Angeles and San Francisco, her kitchen will be stocked with MONARCH Coffee fresh from the Monarch roasters in New York and a new stock will be supplied from the Monarch roasting plant in Los Angeles for the return trip.

REIN, MURDOCK & CO. (Established 1853) General Office Chicago, Ill.

PANAMA PACIFIC LINE

The Recreation Route to California

For bookings or information about the S. S. California, or other Panama Pacific Line ships, apply to your local agent or

COMPANY'S OFFICE: 84 STATE ST., BOSTON

Don't Talk About Your Kidneys—ACT!

Why keep on being "sick"? Why drag along in misery when relief is yours for the asking? Take the world-famous GOLD MEDAL KIDNEY PILLS. They are the Nation's best remedy for kidney derangement. Known as "The Nation's Best Remedy" for more years—all druggists in 3 states. Look for the name on every box and accept no substitute. In sealed boxes.

HAARLEM OIL

HAARLEM OIL

HAARLEM OIL

HAARLEM OIL

HAARLEM OIL

HAARLEM OIL

HAARLEM OIL

HAARLEM OIL

HAARLEM OIL

HAARLEM OIL

HAARLEM OIL

